

TOO LATE.  
That comfort comes too late;  
'Tis like a pardon after execution.  
—William Shakespeare.

# Here's Another Installment of the Thrilling Serial "The Vampire"—Don't Miss This Gripping Story

## The Times' Sunday Magazine Page

FATE.  
There is no armour against fate;  
Death lays his icy hand on kings.  
—J. Shirley.

### Ignorance Is Vice - - - By C. D. BATCHELOR



AND ignorance is one of the greatest wrongs done by the old to the young. Nature has implanted in animals the instincts of self-preservation. Man must rely on the mind for the same. Living is at best a tight rope, and even when we see and know, it is a treacherous journey. Put in your

daughter's mind the facts of life, not the "little knowledge" the poet says is a dangerous thing—the "little knowledge" which comes to her from distorted minds—but a full knowledge of herself and her relations to life, and the chances are great that she will merit your confidence and honesty.

### School Hats for Children

EVEN the kiddies demand new hats at this season when all femininity look so anxiously for the fall bonnet. It seems born in women to love new hats and even the children succumb to the desire. And there is no reason why they, too, should not have pretty hats just as big sister has. One would be surprised what smart little models may be fashioned at home and at a ridiculously low cost. Very often, scraps of silk or velvet may be utilized from the sewing bag and even last season's shape may be recovered.

A cute hat that retains its popularity throughout the season is the little velvet "tam." It is generally becoming to the youngsters, and stands a great deal of "knocking about." One clever little girl fashioned the most adorable little tam of flamingo red velvet for her small sister of eight years. A circle of velvet was cut, measuring twelve inches in diameter and gathered into a narrow band fitting the head size.

A jaunty pom-pom of black, topped off the tam and gave it just that piquant charm so successful in millinery. Black, wine color, or navy might also be used for this smart tam if one finds the flamingo red too glaring. The child with a small, dainty face would look well in a ribbon hat. Almost any dark color could be chosen, but forest green shows off pink cheeks to advantage. Any small mushroom shape will do, if made of coarse net or buckram. These are selling in shops for 15 and 25 cents at present. The ribbon is lightly shirred by drawing the thread in the selvage of the ribbon, which is about an inch wide. It is then applied at the top crown and sewed row after row until the shape is completely covered. A facing under the brim will be necessary. A chic trimming may be introduced in the form of a silk tassel suspended from the top of the hat. This model is delightfully simple to copy and is also very inexpensive. A part of an old navy blue satin

shown was used to make a fetching little tailored hat for fall. It had a narrow turned down brim and a rather deep crown. The frame was purchased and covered with satin, with a bias strip of polka-dot. This was then covered with the upper and lower brim and were slip-stitched together along the outer edge. The high crown was covered by a circular piece basted on top. A straight strip covered the side crown. This tailored hat had, if you please, a fashionable band of blue and white polka-dot foulard. It would depend somewhat on the color of the hair and the color of the joining seam was ornamented with three white kid buttons. If one is unskilled in millinery it would be well to bind the edge of the brim with a bias strip of polka-dot. This conceals the slip-stitching, which is sometimes difficult for the amateur to do successfully. These three models are only a few of the many pretty ones that may be made at home. And very often the material will be found right on hand with no extra cost.

### Is Your Living Room Livable?

BY LORETTA C. LYNCH.  
I ATTENDED a play recently, the first scene of which was laid in a most alluring living room. The story itself was not very wonderful or very unusual. I asked several people later what they thought of the play, and every last one said in answer to my question something like this: "Oh, what a wonderful room in the first act! Really, now, confidentially speaking, you can hardly blame a man for waiting to call on the non-too-beautiful vampire in a room like this!"

And I went back to see the play again to study this room. And I concluded it was not the furniture exactly nor the furnishings nor the size or shape of the room that made it so pleasing to the eye. Its color scheme was so restful. The lighting was so carefully arranged. Its few tropical plants were so artistically placed. And its fireplace, with the slowly burning

logs cleverly contrived by the stage electrician, almost coaxed one to its fireside chair to muse and dream and rest. Do you suppose the play would have been as compelling had the scene been laid in a stiff little parlor with shiny wood furniture placed exactly so many inches from each other and from the center of the gaudy rug?

Many of us are getting our homes ready for the long winter evenings ahead, and it is the purpose of this article to give you help and advice on making your living room livable. Keep in mind, that the social life of the family itself is, or should be, in the living room. It is here they read or play cards or listen to the great musicians or singers of the phonograph world. It is here that your patriotic girls will want to knit if you make your living room attractive. And by making it attractive you

need incur no very great expense. You must decide, however, on a color scheme. And the color scheme should depend somewhat on the location of the room, the climate, and your personal preferences. A brown woodwork, walls painted or papered a soft cream color is very good for very cold climates. A two-toned brown rug, cream red or damask curtains with overcurtains of a cretonne or silk with brown and orange tones predominating, completes the nucleus around which to build your living room. A single sofa pillow of canary yellow or old rose will give a delightful effect to a room of this kind. Then, there are the bright Chinese bowls, in which to grow bulbs whose blossoms delight the eye when the whole world seems frozen up.

Another beautiful combination in wine color and cream or old blue and gray. I have helped many, many folks get together a livable living room, and now I am at the service of the readers of this paper. Perhaps you would like me to suggest just how your living room may be improved. If there's anything you can't find in your stores, perhaps I can tell you where to get it. I have helped many who want to dye or have dyed the draperies or rug that you have. I'll be glad to advise you. Perhaps I can suggest a lighting scheme. But please be sure to inclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Concentrate your efforts on your living room. Make it so comfortable and attractive that it will always delight your loved ones to be in it.

### DRACULA, OR THE VAMPIRE By BRAM STOKER. SYNOPSIS OF STORY

Jonathan Harker, a London solicitor's clerk, takes a long journey to Bukovina to see Count Dracula and arrange for the transfer of an English estate to the Count. In his diary, kept in shorthand, he gives the details of his strange trip, the latter part filled with mysterious and thrilling happenings. Upon his arrival at Castle Dracula he is met by the Count and finds himself virtually a prisoner. The castle itself is a place of mystery with doors all barred, and no servants to be seen. The Count greets him warmly, but his strange personality and odd behavior cause Harker much alarm. In order not to arouse suspicion Harker leads the

PART ONE—(Continued)  
F I finally came to the hall door and found it open. It was not wide open, but the catch of the lock had not caught. The people of the house are careful to lock the door every night. As I feared that Lucy must have gone out as she was. There was no time to think of what might happen; a vague, overwhelming fear obscured all details. I took a big, heavy shawl and ran out. The clock was striking one as I was in the Crescent, and there was not a soul in sight. I ran along the North Terrace, but could see no sign of the white figure which I expected. At the edge of the East Cliff above the pier I looked across the harbor to the East Cliff, in the hope or fear—I don't know which—of seeing Lucy in our favorite seat.

IN THE CLOUD-HIDDEN RUINS.  
There was a bright full moon, with heavy black, driving clouds, which threw the whole scene into a fleeting drama of light and shade as they sailed across. For a moment or two I could see nothing, as the shadow of a cloud obscured St. Mary's Church and all around it. Then, as the cloud passed I could see the ruins of the abbey coming into view, and as the edge of a narrow band of light fell on the silver light of the moon struck a half-reclining figure, snowy white. The coming of the cloud was too quick for me to see much, for shadow shut down on the ruins and the silver light of the moon struck a half-reclining figure, snowy white. The coming of the cloud was too quick for me to see much, for shadow shut down on the ruins and the silver light of the moon struck a half-reclining figure, snowy white. The coming of the cloud was too quick for me to see much, for shadow shut down on the ruins and the silver light of the moon struck a half-reclining figure, snowy white.

### A GHOSTLY ADVENTURE IN THE ABBEY.

I must have gone fast, and yet it seemed to me as if my feet were weighted with lead, and as though every joint in my body were rusty. When I got almost to the top I could see the seat and the white figure, for I was now close enough to distinguish it even through the spells of shadow. There was undoubtedly something, long and black, bending over the half-reclining white figure. I called in fright, "Lucy! Lucy!" and something ran like a strip of polka-dot where I was I could see a white face and red, gleaming eyes. Lucy did not answer, and I ran on to the entrance of the churchyard.

As I entered, the church was between me and the seat, and for a minute or so I lost sight of her. When I came in view again the cloud had passed, and the moonlight struck so brilliantly that I could see Lucy reclining with her head lying over the back of the seat. She was quite alone, and there was not a sign of any living thing about.

When I bent over her I could see that she was still asleep. Her lips were parted, and she was breathing—not softly, as usual with her, but in long, heavy gasps, as though striving to get her lungs full at every breath. As I came close, she put up her hand in her sleep and pulled the collar of her nightgown close around her throat. Whilst she did so there came a little shudder through her, as though she felt the cold. I flung the warm shawl over her, and drew the edges tight round her neck, for I dreaded lest she should get some deadly chill from the night air, un-

### Once-Overs In School at Sixty.

Copyright, 1927, International News Service.  
What are your plans for the coming year? This is not a New Year's proposition. Last Summer you should have planned your ten month's study ahead of time and by this time be well along with the start. You are not in school now, so it does not matter. Worst mistake you ever made. While you live you are not out of school. So you think your business is doing so well that there is no necessity for you to plan better conditions, eh? What if everything should not move so smoothly the coming year as you anticipate? Are you prepared to meet the drawbacks such as come to other men and may come to you, even with your usual good management? No misfortunes for five years; think you are immune? Fortify yourself for the lean years now.

### The Eaglet - - - By STELLA FLORES



In a snowy chamber, simple as a shrine, knelt a young girl. In her night robe, with her hair in a large soft braid, Doris was praying for the safety of the man she loved. All night her sleep had been broken by troubled dreams. A thunderstorm of unusual severity broke loose. And as she watched the blinding flashes of lightning, her heart contracted. It must be like this when the young

### Their Married Life HELEN RESENTS WAITING FOR WARREN.

Copyright, 1927, International News Service.  
H ELEN entered the lobby of the restaurant where she had married Warren. She sat down at one of the tiny gilded chairs. She hated to wait for him, but to-night it had been unavoidable, for he had been detained at the office.

"Try to be on time, dear," she had said to Warren over the telephone. "I do hate to wait alone in that lobby longer than is absolutely necessary."

"Nonsense," Warren had returned, "plenty of women do it." Plenty of women were doing it right now while Helen was waiting, but they did not seem to mind the fact that they were alone. Helen saw one girl modestly dressed in a soft tan gown with a little black velvet hat come in and nonchalantly inspect herself in one of the long mirrors. She patted some stray locks into place and pulled out a vanity box and liberally powdered her face.

The girl Helen had picked out as being the nicest looking seemed not at all worried that she had arrived first. She looked capable of taking care of herself, in fact Helen envied her, absolute assurance. She was finally joined by a man who looked a great deal older, and Helen heard her say, as the two passed into the restaurant: "Late, as usual. I wonder if you could ever manage to keep an appointment!"

There was no sudden lightening of the face, no glad anticipation of the evening—just a stolid acceptance of something that was a part of a routine. It seemed strange. Warren was already ten minutes late, and Helen began to get nervous. She arose suddenly from the chair and walked toward the door. People looked at her, and it made her self-conscious. She flushed as she turned back toward her seat. After all, it was less conspicuous sitting down; but the seat had been taken by a stout woman who had been waiting for some time. There were no more chairs, either, so Helen was forced to stand. She stood back as far as she could and wished that Warren would come.

A man who had come into the place was now eying her sharply. Finally he walked across to her, and Helen, with a suffocating sense of misfortune, knew suddenly that he intended to speak to her. "Aren't you Mrs. Wilkinson from East Orange?" he asked politely. "You ought to remember me."

she moved to one side. Her face and neck were suffused with scarlet, and she was conscious that several people were looking at her amusedly. Then suddenly, she saw Warren come into the door and, swallowing a sob of nervousness, she hurried over to him. "Well, I'm late," he said without any apology. "Tried to make it, but I couldn't get away. Been waiting long?" "Since the time you set," Helen returned in a muffled tone of voice. Evidently Warren had noticed nothing. She had escaped from the man before there had been time. "What's the matter?" Warren queried. "Not cross, are you? You know it couldn't be helped."

Helen had decided not to tell him anything about it, but her resolution, which had been hastily made, went up in smoke at his bantering tone of voice. "A man came up and spoke to me," she gasped indignantly.

"What did he say?" Warren asked as they were seated at a corner table near the music. "It doesn't make so much difference what he said," Helen returned, ready to cry. "The fact that he spoke to me was enough. You act as though you thought it a perfectly usual occurrence."

"Oh, no I don't, but I think you can take care of yourself. Of course, it's an annoyance, but you are too timid, Helen, too easily frightened. Your expression shows that you are uncomfortable in a public place alone."

"And I don't think it's any wonder," Helen retorted. "I must be old-fashioned in that respect." "And yet you almost had a fit because you couldn't be a business woman last Spring. You'd better learn to look out for yourself better than that old girl, you wouldn't last a week in the business world." (Written for the next installment of this highly interesting story.)

### Advice to the Lovelorn By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Not Fair.  
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:  
I am going about with a young man who, although he claims he loves me, is forbidden by his parents to continue going with me any longer. I understand the reason for this has been a story about me which is untrue.

I have tried to persuade his parents to listen and hear what I have to say, but I have failed. I love this man dearly. What can I do?

ANYONE should be supposed innocent until proven guilty. It is absolutely unfair for the parents of this man to refuse you a hearing. If they hear your story and remain unconvinced, then he has only to choose between them and you. If, on the other hand, they give you a hearing and recognize their blunder, how much joy will they get out of their own "acquiescence!" Suppose you write them a very respectful note, enclosing this reply and begging them, as they hope to be judged fairly and kindly by their God, to give you a chance here and now?

He Must Choose.  
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:  
Four years ago I met a young man employed in the same office, with whom I fell in love. For two years we kept up an intimate friendship. Two years later he met another girl with whom he became infatuated. About two years after his acquaintance with the other girl he continued his love for me, claiming that his affection for the other girl was merely infatuation. Believing him sincere I took him back with a view of marriage. When the other girl learned of his change of heart she refused to give him up and has been persistent in her endeavor to win him back and is still telephoning and writing to him. My fiancé has admitted to me that he thinks of her without wanting to.

### Make Your Own Decision.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:  
My parents are very wealthy. They have only thought of a brilliant future for me and are determined that I shall marry well. The man I love (they know him, for we have known each other for years) is poor, but I know he will make good. My parents think I cannot be happy with a man who must start a career. There is a wealthy man, nine years my senior, who wishes to marry me. I love the poor man dearly and love my parents, too. I am here to do as they wish. Do you think I could forget my ideal. My parents think the world of the rich man. BILLIE.

M dear child, what you want me to decide for you is whether you are capable of sacrificing luxury and comfort for love. And I cannot answer this. After all, your parents, who know you so well, may be meeting the situation with a real knowledge of what you need to bring you happiness. Parents are never, in cases like yours, governed by ambition and cold-blooded worldliness—they are trying to help their children to real happiness. Now, the thing for you to do is to force yourself to rise above emotion and feeling and to look at the thing rationally. What kind of a wife will you make for a poor man? Will you nag at him and hinder his growth? Will you miss the things which which make up your world? Will you regret the brilliant marriage you might have made? Or will you be a real helpmate and companion? Your decision must be based on honest answers to these questions.